UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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In Memoriam:

Sacco and Vanzetti — Some Memory Pictures

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Poems by:

LUCIA TRENT
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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 339
Boston Churches—and Free Speech!—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 341
Editorial Correspondence—America—East to West—SYDNEY STRONG 343
ARTICLES—
The Ideal Church—*Will Durant* 339
Sacco and Vanzetti (Some Memory Pictures) GERTRUDE L. WINSLOW 345
The Impending Crisis in India—J. T. SUNDERLAND 347
Mahatma Gandhi—A Tribute—J. VIJAYATUNGA 348
Radio Noises—ROBERT FERRARI 350
POETRY—
In Memoriam—Sacco and Vanzetti:
On the Breast of Dawn—LUCIA TRENT 346
Sacco-Vanzetti—AMY WOODS 346
The Quick and the Dead—JACK CONROY 346
To Certain Revolutionary Poets unrepresented in the Sacco-Vanzetti Anthology—KENNETH W. PORTER 346
Remember Sacco and Vanzetti—H. H. LEWIS 347
The Electric Chair—WILLIAM ALLEN WARD 347
"Thistles Surround the Altars of Justice"—HELENE CLAIBORNE 347
Our Father—JEROME ALEXANDER 349
THE STUDY TABLE—
Literary Dissection—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.. 351
"They are Slaves Who Dare Not Be in the Right with Two or Three"—LOUIS GINSBERG 352
CORRESPONDENCE—
Brent Allinson Replies to Mr. Kellock on Russia—BRENT DOW ALLINSON 353
THE FIELD—
Labor Sunday Message—1929 355
"Lift Up Your Hearts" 356

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CHI. MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1929 NUMBER 22

THE IDEAL CHURCH

"In my ideal church all would be welcome who accepted the Golden Rule; there would be no other test. . . . I vision a Church as all-embracing as Christ's affection, accepting all and rejecting none. It would honor truth and beauty as well as goodness, this Church of mine; it would nourish every art, and make its every chapel and cathedral a citadel of adult education, bringing science and history, literature and philosophy, music and art to those too old for school, and yet young enough to learn. But it would hold knowledge barren without brotherhood; it would allow every division, and every doubt, except that in the end love is the highest wisdom."

—*Will Durant,* in "The Mansions of Philosophy."

One year ago, on the occasion of the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty at Paris on August 27th, we published a special editorial in these columns urging that the nations of the earth establish this immortal date as a *world holiday of peace.* Today, on the first anniversary of the Paris ceremony, we renew our plea. The need of such a holiday is obvious, for in a world now drawing its peoples ever nearer in bonds of common interest and common need, there is no single occasion when all may remember and recognize together that universal humanity that makes them one. Christmas is such a day for the western world, for on this date all sectarian divisions are forgotten, and Christians of every creed and church find kinship with one another. But even in Christendom there are those—our Jewish brethren, for example—who are not parties to this festival; and beyond the bounds of Christendom there are the hundreds of millions of China, India, Japan, to whom Christmas is unknown. Armistice Day is perhaps an occasion of wider and more inclusive appeal. But this date celebrates a divided world—conquerors and conquered—and it must forever be associated with the glories of a successful or the humiliations of an unsuccessful war. National holidays, almost without exception, are militaristic, and have no significance beyond the respective nations which keep them. No, if the world is to be made one, it needs a new day to celebrate its peace; and what day more fitting than that which witnessed an achievement destined to do more for the winning of peace and brotherhood than any other act that is known to man? It is our conviction, stronger today than ever, that the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty on August 27th, 1928, will come to be recognized in the future as the event which divided the war-era of history from the peace-era, much as the birth of Jesus is recognized as the event which divided ancient from modern times. Let us adopt this date, therefore, as *the first world holiday!* On this day let toil cease the earth around, and all men acclaim in song and prayer their brotherhood!

The action of the British Labor Government in Egypt—the withdrawal of Lord Lloyd, the abandonment of the high commissionership, and the granting of something like real national sovereignty in place of the fake article which the Tories have prated so much about—all this has great significance in itself. The Egyptians have long waited for justice, and at last, thanks to Labor, it seems to be coming. But this matter has importance far exceeding anything that can be confined to the land of the Nile. For what we have here is a revelation not merely of what Premier MacDonald and his colleagues are preparing to do for Egypt, but also what they are preparing to do for all subject peoples within their control. More particularly, is it not a prophecy of what British Labor may be counted upon to do in India, when they face the awful challenge of the Simon Report? Of course, there is a fundamental difference between Egypt and India. In the former case there were involved promises and guarantees which do not exist, and never have existed, in the case of the latter. Technically at least Egypt, like China, has always been recognized as an independent country. But what impresses us in MacDonald's Egyptian policy is the spirit that is in it. Here is a real desire to do justice, to trust the honor and goodwill of an alien people, to recognize claims of liberty and right. The Indian problem is immensely more entangled, as it is infinitely more threatening in its potentialities of horror. But just for this reason does it call for the application of this new spirit of peace and brotherhood which British Labor, alone among English political parties, is capable of showing. We do not envy the British Labor Cabinet its task in India. We are not at all sure they may not fail, as they failed so pitifully in the unimportant but still crucial question of Leon Trotsky and his application for admission as a refugee to England. But we shall

have hope until the Laborites themselves destroy hope. And this work in Egypt makes hope easy!

Poincaré, it may be safely assumed, is through with public life. It amused us to read the encomiums showered upon his retired head by the newspapers of the day. How our editors do dote on fame, and how gladly they toady to anybody who wins and uses power! It interested us, also, to note how most of the praise lavished upon this Ex-President and Ex-Premier of France had to do with his performances during the last few years. Evidently it was thought that the less said about the pre-war Poincaré the better. For we have learned something about this doughty statesman during the last decade. Once the hero who stood dauntless in the breach when the German hordes came beating against the walls of the Republic, we now know him to be the miserable conspirator who moved heaven and earth to bring on a war which he felt sure would destroy the ancient enemy of France and restore the coveted "lost provinces." One must admire the astuteness of his diplomacy, which precipitated the conflict of 1914 in such a way that Germany seemed wholly guilty and France wholly innocent. But all that is gone now! Today we know the truth, and the truth is that Poincaré, together with the Russians with whom he worked, was more definitely responsible for the Great War than any other man outside of Austria and Serbia. And what a light this casts upon this so-called wonderful work of rehabilitation that he has been doing in recent years! What it amounts to is that, having all but ruined France by a victory which was as disastrous as defeat, Poincaré was called upon to clean up his own mess. That was only justice—and we see no more reason why he should be praised for it than an unruly boy should be praised for clearing up the wreckage of the toys he has broken.

Now and then something happens here in America to give one hope anew. Out of the mire of mush and muck which makes up the substance of what we call "news," there suddenly blossoms an event as fair and fragrant as any flower, and murders, robberies, adulteries, speakeasies, dirty plays and books, vulgarities, inanities innumerable, are all forgotten in the joy of this one thing. Such an event was the competition this month for the Thomas A. Edison Scholarship. Everything about this occasion was perfect—the great inventor's idea, as charming in its naivete as it was generous in its terms; the gathering of those forty-nine serious and earnest boys for the final competition; the examination, which recognized the importance of thought as well as of knowledge, of morals as well as of brains; and lastly, and best of all, the winning of the prize by young Huston, who proved his worth not only in the formal testing, but also in the much more serious testing of the pitiless publicity which followed upon his triumph. It is healthy to note that this successful candidate came from a minister's family, that he was brought up under the influences of a simple home, that he read the *Readers Digest* and the *Atlantic Monthly,* not *College Humor* and the *American Mercury,* that he refused cigarettes when offered, as he did not smoke, that he carried no hip-flask—and that he was more interested in Mr. Edison's laboratory than in the Broadway cabarets. Let Mr. Mencken and his fellow cynics, the debauched despisers of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," let them think on these things, and, if there be any virtue or any praise in them, become wiser, if sadder men.

Every now and then there is tremendous excitement in our "wet" press over the statement of some physician, or physicians, in opposition to Prohibition. The significanse of such statements has never seemed to us to have any importance. Our physicians are a considerable group in the community, and of course include representatives of that not inconsiderable portion of the community which does not like the 18th Amendment. Again, there are plenty of physicians still among us who were trained in the old days when it was believed that alcohol had indispensable medical uses, and who still live in the grip of this superstition. We know of a great physician who is a Fundamentalist —why shouldn't he be an anti-Prohibitionist? Lastly, there is the same aptitude on the part of the physician, as on the part of every other "expert", to *testify as desired.* Physicians, that is, exactly like scholars, ministers, hand-writing experts, etc., can be counted upon to furnish ample testimony on both sides of any disputed question. An impressive illustration of this fact of human nature came recently from England, in the case of a rich young American sportsman who ran into and killed an English motorcyclist while driving an automobile along the Bath road. Tried for manslaughter and convicted, this young man confessed that he had taken five drinks of "Pimm's No. 1", a liquor of tremendous intoxicating potentialities. Yet this rich wastrel and his counsel, one of the most eminent criminal lawyers in England, had no trouble in bringing to the stand a long line of "medical experts of credit and renown", all of whom swore that imbibing of this quality and quantity of liquor involved no hazard of intoxication. One physician went so far as to say that he "was sure that the combined Pimms were only equal to *three large whiskies",* and what was that? No! Our physicians are a highly respected class of men. They stand higher in intelligence and devotion than any other profession of which we know. But they have

their share of "quacks", "experts", and "old fogies". And they are quite as fallible as the rest of us.

VICTOR L. BERGER, dead on August 7th, will be remembered for three things. First, he was one of the pioneer Socialists of this country, and one of the founders of the Socialist Party. Secondly, he organized Milwaukee into a self-sustaining unit of political Socialism, and from this district was elected the first Socialist representative in Congress. Lastly, he converted Eugene V. Debs to Socialism, and was his teacher in the fundamentals of party doctrine. To these facts should be added, perhaps, Berger's trials during the War, when he was singled out with Senator La Follette to endure the outrages of a war-crazed nation. His genius, of course, was essentially political. No more astute politician ever existed in any party. Scornful of corruption, hating all the vicious and hidden devices of gang rule, working cleanly and in the light, he built up a machine which mastered Milwaukee for Socialism, and held it through weather foul as well as fair. But there were other qualities in BERGER which were all too seldom seen and are all too little known. We remember our astonishment, on the occasion of a visit to his home, when we were taken into his library. Here was an array of books which revealed at once the scholar—the man who loved learning and had delved deep in the literature of his subject. Personally, BERGER was the bluff, hearty, humorous, home-loving German. A terrific fighter of the two-edged sword variety, uncompromising, daring, remorseless, he held at all times the full respect of his enemies, and always in the end their affection. His loss to the Socialist cause in this country is irreparable. One wonders, as this grand old warrior is laid away, if his passing does not mark the end of one epoch and the coming of another in the history of political radicalism in America.

Boston Churches—and Free Speech!

On August 8th there appeared on the front page of the Boston *Herald* the following two-column advertisement:

What Have Boston Citizens to Fear from the Words of

Professor Morris R. Cohen of the philosophy department of the College of the City of New York, Professor Horace M. Kallen of the New School for Social Research of New York City, Rev. Sidney Lovett of the Mt. Vernon Congregational Church of Boston, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow of the Community Church of Boston and other speakers at the meeting on the second anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, August 23d?

The public buildings of the city, including Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, have been refused to us. We have applied to all hotels, theatres and halls with seating capacity of 1,000 or over—more than 35 in all. All of our applications have been denied explicitly or by silence. We have applied to several churches. They have been refused.

The Old South Meeting House, presumed sanctuary of free speech in Boston, was refused to us by Mr. Richard W. Hale. The proprietor of Science Auditorium, M. Furash, the only hall owner we have encountered with true regard for the historic traditions of liberty in Boston, agreed to rent his hall to us. Subsequently, a fire so damaged it that it will not be available.

Is there not another hall owner with respect for the principles of Boston's forefathers? If not, is there not a church in the city that will open its doors to our discussion of the significance of Sacco and Vanzetti and their execution on this second anniversary, Friday, August 23d? Please telephone Richmond 1462 or write to P. O. Box 93, Hanover St. Station, Boston, immediately.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee:

Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow	Catharine Huntington
Dr. Alice Hamilton	Aldino Felicani
Creighton Hill	Gardner Jackson

"Is there not a church?" That's an interesting question. A single church in the city of Boston which, in the interests of the free speech guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and we suppose by the Constitution of Massachusetts, would house a meeting in memory of Sacco and Vanzetti, sponsored by respectable and honored people!

Some churches, of course, are excluded at once. Those, for example, which cherish, in all sincerity, what I may call "the superstition of the church." By this we mean the idea that the church as such—i. e., the physical edifice of the church—is a sacred place, definitely and deliberately set apart for religious purposes, and therefore not to be profaned by other and secular activities of any kind. Catholic and Episcopalian churches, for example, are never used for anything but the celebration of the masses and the sacraments, and the speaking of the prayers and the sermons. They would not be opened for any other meetings of a general public character. Therefore are their custodians not to be criticized or blamed for not opening them in answer to this Sacco-Vanzetti appeal. Catholic and Episcopalians are consistent in this matter, and are thus to be respected, even though their motive or idea is in its essence nothing but a "superstition".

Then, also, there are churches which have no particular concern for freedom. Organized along autocratic lines, dedicated to the propagation of specific theological ideas which are regarded as infallibly true and necessary for the salvation of mankind, and therefore not to be placed in competition with other and very different ideas, these churches are not and never have been advocates of freedom. The history of Christianity, with its dark chapters of intolerance and persecution, is all-sufficient indication of the temper of these churches which—if not active today as formerly—for obvious reasons, is still in essential character

unchanged. Such churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, have never sought to vindicate liberty in any other case. Why should they be asked to vindicate liberty in this peculiarly notorious case of anarchists and atheists? Here again is consistency—logical if not admirable!

But there are churches which rank in neither of these two classes. Churches which have no superstition of the consecrated building; and churches which have, or pretend to have, convictions in the matter of liberty! Conspicuous among these churches, especially in Boston, are the Unitarian churches. These regard their buildings simply as public edifices, and open them freely to all kinds of meetings held in the interest of humane causes. These also cherish liberty, and among all churches have claimed the lead in vindicating the rights of men, especially of oppressed minorities, among which they themselves have so often and tragically been numbered. Freedom has meant something to these churches—the First Church, for example, which numbered Ann Hutchinson among its early members; the Second Church, which learned non-conformity from its youthful minister, Ralph Waldo Emerson; the Arlington Street Church, which knew the breath of William Ellery Channing; the Church of the Disciples, which opened its pulpit to the hated and hooted Theodore Parker when all other pulpits (but one) in Boston were closed against him! Surely, some one of these churches must answer the appeal of the Sacco-Vanzetti Committee. Or if not, for good and sufficient reason, there is always Unity House. But stay! Even as we write these words, we read in the *Christian Register* that Unity House has been sold. In a city of over 700,000 people, the Unitarians find no use for this building, just as they found no use for Edward Everett Hale's church some years ago. Sold!—like an old house when all the family are dead!

But there are other churches in Boston to meet this crisis of civil liberty. Tremont Temple, for example! The Baptists believe in liberty—or say they do. In any case, they have suffered for it and therefore should understand it. Furthermore, their famous Tremont Temple is quite as much a civic auditorium as it is a church. We have seen a convention of corrupt and ribald Republican politicians meeting within its hallowed walls. Why not a quiet, dignified, reverential meeting in honor of Sacco and Vanzetti?

Then there is the Mt. Vernon Congregational Church. The Congregationalists, exactly like the Unitarians and the Baptists, believe in liberty, and walk in the great American tradition of liberty. Furthermore, they have no silly superstition about a consecrated building and its uses. And in this case we have the minister of the Mt. Vernon Church, Rev. Sidney Lovett, as one of the speakers at the proposed memorial meeting. Surely, this church must open its doors to its own minister and his associates!

And what about our gallant friends, the Methodists? No one can ever forget the way these disciples of the heroic Wesley came to the help of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, when the latter's meeting was broken up last May by the Boston police. On that occasion they opened the beautiful and commodious chapel of their Theological School, and bade free speech be heard. Is this chapel still standing, and, if so, why was its hospitality not extended to Dr. Hamilton today as it was extended to Dr. Cooper yesterday?

It is a sober, and sobering, fact that, as these words are written, no one of the Boston churches—Unitarian, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, or any other—has answered the appeal of the Sacco-Vanzetti Committee. No one of the Boston pulpits has been opened to Professor Morris R. Cohen, of the College of the City of New York, to Professor Horace M. Kallen, of the New School of Social Research, New York, to Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, of the Boston Community Church, and other reputable, cultured, public-spirited citizens. As the proprietors of halls, moved by fear of the police, will not open their doors, so the trustees of these and other churches, moved by fear of something else, will not open *their* doors. "Do you know," runs a private letter from one member of the Sacco-Vanzetti Committee, received on August 10th, "that we cannot get a hall for the meeting, and may hold it in New York?" Truth betrayed in its own household; religion raped on its own altar; Americanism strangled in its own cradle!

The churches of this country have it easily within their power to solve the whole problem of civil liberty. By a brave and perfectly proper use of their auditoriums, they could end in a night all wanton and cruel suppression of free speech and free assembly. Again and again, in a town beset by a great industrial strike, or, like Boston in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, obsessed by a great social fear, all halls are closed, even gathering spaces in the open air barred, by the police. Meanwhile, all over the town, as in Boston today, there are great church auditoriums lying idle and empty. These auditoriums require no licenses, and therefore cannot arbitrarily be closed by withdrawal of license. They require no permits for public meetings, held within their doors, and therefore can go ahead without asking permission of the authorities. Furthermore, there is a traditional sanctity about a church, even a church house, and no police would dare to cross its threshold except by express invitation. The churches in this field of public assembly are absolute—they can do anything within the law of peace and good order that they choose to do. Let one church in Gastonia (N. C.)

open its doors today to the striking mill hands, and all troubles in that town over the vexed matter of free speech and assembly would end forthwith. Boston is the worst city in the country in this matter of lawless repression of the liberty of the citizen. And yet if just one church proclaimed that its auditorium was gladly at the disposal of any group of citizens who wanted peacefully to discuss public questions, Boston would straightway become the freest community in the country.

If this Sacco-Vanzetti meeting has to seek refuge in New York, the so-called free churches of Boston are to blame. To them be the shame, forever!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

America—East to West

(Editorial Correspondence)

Theodore C. Walker—a reader of UNITY—lives in Ruff, in the State of Washington. Last week he celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The celebration went off "with a bang, and also with serious reflection and wise comment." As speaker and editor, Mr. Walker has been a valiant champion for human liberty? There were three short addresses by two editors and a lumberman, in which were stressed America's greatness, power, riches, education, women suffrage and prohibition, all evidences of real progress and of the life that endures. Mr. Walker has been a valiant champion for human liberty and in many places, clear across the continent. In responding he revealed great vivacity and energy (good evidence of the claim that the Far West will prolong human life) and spoke as if he esteemed it a grand opportunity to speak to his neighbors and friends from the vantage ground of four-score and ten. His theme was, The Abundant Life, and contended that one should be strong in the Lord and the power of his might, that water power, gravitation, steam, sunshine, etc., were of Him. He pressed home the fact that successful men solved problems by saying, "It can be done!"

This veteran pioneer, after leading the assembly in prayer, read the 91st Psalm, which closes with, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." A letter of congratulation was read from Judge F. F. Faville, of the Supreme Court of Iowa, son of a pioneer family in Northern Iowa, in which both strong drink and slavery were hated. When one recalls the colleges that were planted all the way from Oberlin to Whitman and Pomona, such as Beloit, Ripon, Grinnell, Jacksonville, as well as the thousands of Christian families that spread all over the West, it is easy to believe that cow-boys were not the only ones who had a part in the winning of the West.

I spent a day this week at Seabeck, where a conference of Y. M. C. A. workers was in session, and heard in detail, the plans for the new buildings in Seattle, for which the money, $1,200,000 has been nearly pledged. This will provide for complete making over of the present downtown building, at 4th and Madison; for three Community "Y" buildings in the University, Queen Anne and West Seattle districts; also, for an International "Y" in the downtown district.

The work planned for the boys of the city was also reported. The modern boy is being studied and his needs met. Astonishing is the work being done in public schools, in shops, clubs, hikes and camps. The efficiency of the "Y" is impressive. To keep up with its development one must be in it and no opinion of its work is valid unless it is formed by direct contact. The Y. M. C. A., for fifty years a pioneer in the social and spiritual development of American men and boys, is probably responsible for most of the technique of many such enterprises as the Community Chest.

Having said this, I am led to say a little more. Like the ruler, whom Jesus "loved" and like the Quakers—the Y. M. C. A. is so good that I wish it were better. I am thinking of two things: its relation to the Army and Navy and its relation to the problem of race. The building plans of the Seattle "Y" contemplate an Army and Navy section in the main building—$100,000, coming from New York for this purpose—and when the International "Y" is put up it will probably be Japanese. Later, there may be a Negro "Y" building. Seattle is not to be condemned or commended for this, for it is the way followed all over the land. And Christian churches practically travel the same road.

What will be the result here in Seattle, as elsewhere, if Japanese and Negro "Ys" are put up? It seems to me that it will tend to fix the racial divisions for the next 50 or 100 years, and on pagan lines. Who will lead in social understanding and brotherhood if Christian enterprises are worked along the lines of segregation?

In regard to the Army and Navy and their relationship to the "Y" my position is that there should be complete separation between Church and State. What do the Chinese of Hankow think when they see their big river patroled by American gunboats and the "boys" from these gunboats going to the "Y" provided for them? What would I, an American, think if Chinese gunboats were patroling the Mississippi and would turn to the "Army and Navy 'Y' " in St. Louis? The Seattle situation grieves one who admires so much of the work done by the "Y". I am hoping the future work will be governed by the principles of racial brotherhood and social equality. The alliance of the Church and the "Y" with the Army and Navy is a bad one.

This is Navy Week for Seattle. Ironclads from Japan, Britain, Canada (I did not know before that Canada had a navy) as well as our own death-vomiting monsters are in the Sound. I can look down upon them all from my study. It is a week of social activities inspired by the presence of the ironclads. In the morning paper, the committee of the Chamber of Commerce, in charge of entertainment, advertises for 250 girls, as they would for so many autos, to go with the crew of the "Idaho" to attend the races. The gobs have the city. The County Auditor, this morning, announced that nearly half of the licenses for marriage were being handed out to sailors and prospective

brides, the sailors giving their addresses as either San Diego or San Pedro. Popular pastors are pictured as putting their arms around a couple or a group of sailors and looking upon them with broad smiles of paternal approval. Such social and religious approval of the men and instruments of war that now reign in Seattle is going to add to the difficulty of promoting the renunciation of war, as witnessed in the Peace Pact.

Arthur Brisbane has "been to town." The *Post-Intelligencer* (a Hearst paper) heralded his coming, as now the movements of the "Zep" are being advertised. The most advertising man is being advertised. Western cities are eager to get the publicity he so generously gives to his "15,000,000 readers." He did well in Seattle. He spoke three times. He is certainly an unusual man. He carries his dictaphone with him, talks into it, and his secretary does the rest. He pries the information out of the committee in charge of him, passes it on thus to his secretary, and thus impresses the readers with his mass of information, colored with a glow of optimism. Brisbane says that his own father used to hire a column in the New York *Tribune*, and write exactly what he thought, and wrote better than his son writes. He said that while his father paid to get his ideas into the paper of Horace Greeley, he had not paid Mr. Hearst yet. There is no question about the power of the writer. I met a neighbor before "Brisbane Day" whose first remark was, "Well, we have Brisbane to morrow"—as if the Prince were coming to town.

Many good things there are about this progressive city of half a million, besides longevity, climate, scenery and hills. The "smartest boy in America" hails from Seattle. Naturally, I have the notion that his being reared in a minister's home gave him an advantage to start with, as a minister's home is a place where education is taken as a matter of course, and general information pours in there from all over the world. Wilbur Huston has had also the benefit of travel, as his father, the bishop, had itinerated about the country. Wilbur also had a good mother.

This ambitious city, last week, put on the Passion Play. It was done by the Wayfarer Pageant Society (local) that was born in the presentation of "The Wayfarer"—a fine spectacular, musical Pageant-Play, of which Dr. J. E. Crowther, the talented pastor of the University Temple, is the author. "The Wayfarer" is given about every second summer, alternating with some such work as the Passion-Play. The Passion-Play was well done. It was given in the University Pavilion, which was built by the efforts of the students. It is not fair to compare it with the one at Oberammergau—but it was well done. The auditor is gripped by the matchless story of the Passion, as portrayed by speech, acts—mingled with music by a huge orchestra rendering Wagner, Faure, Stainer, Mozart, Chopin, Bach, Beethoven, Handel. What a story, as one follows the fortunes of the Best Man in the World, hounded and crucified by priests, merchants, politicians, educators, soldiers and the people!

Last night, I happened into the opening of the National Convention of the Disciples of Christ, being held in the Civic Auditorium. The layman-president, Harry H. Rogers, was making the annual address. He lives in Tulsa, Okla. He insisted that the church should function better religiously and constructively, and have less discussion of the reason for the failure of Christianity. He pleaded for "Christian education. The churches should wage war on liquor and crime." There is something about this denomination that one must admire. In the first place, it is one of the youngest, and already numbers 1,500,000 members. It is democratic in administration—like the Baptists and Congregationalists. It is narrow in spots, but out of it has come such men as Alva Taylor, Peter Ainslie, Herbert Willett, C. C. Morrison, and such a paper as *The Christian Century*. Its strength is chiefly in the Mississippi Valley, but it is in process of building a "Cathedral" in the capital of the nation. This church is behind a "Men and Million" movement, and also a Pension Fund movement for the veterans of the ministry. Here is the outline of its One Year Pentecost Program: 1. Deepening the Spiritual Life of the Church, 2. Education for Service, 3. Preaching and Practising Unity Among Ourselves and Others, 4. Reaching Out for All Nations, 5. Recruiting New Members. I take off my hat to this vigorous denomination, largely of Western origin, and moved by the spirit of the West.

Seattle is a city (according to Polk's Directory it now has 520,710 inhabitants) where every prospect pleases. It is at Seattle that the Russians in their trip hope to touch first in America. There is here no end of water-power, timber, fish, coal, nearby mountains always in sight with glaciers galore. Some day—not far off—Bostonians will fly out here for a few days stay, instead of going to the coast of Maine. Whidby Island, in the middle of Puget Sound, is the second largest island in the country, being sixty miles long. I heard last Sunday a band concert, furnished by the city, in Volunteer Park (the park was named when soldiers were looked upon as volunteers, not as conscripts). A long portion of the concert consisted of Scotch music. It has been a puzzle to me for a long time why a people that produced Robert Burns, Walter Scott, John Watson, George Adams Smith and Louis Stevenson—poets, preachers almost incomparable—produced such inferior music as compared with the music I mentioned as played at the Passion Play. Still, band concerts are excellent for cities to furnish their citizens free on Sunday afternoons. And there are other good things in Seattle.

SYDNEY STRONG.

We are already on the road to success when we see that because we have always done something, and because everybody does it, and because our grandfathers did it, are not good reasons why we should do it.

It is a peculiar happiness to me to bear record of the potency of God's Love and its creature, man's love, which stand between me and utter isolation, and make my misfortunes a medium of help and goodwill to others. —*Helen Keller.*

Sacco and Vanzetti

[Some Memory Pictures]

When my mind travels back to the seven years of the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy, there are some vivid memories that over-shadow all the others.

First, there is the Dedham Court House in the summer of 1921. It is a hot July day and Sacco is on the stand. For hours he has been subjected to cross-examination—in his broken English he has tried to explain his movements on the day of his arrest. The District Attorney draws him on step by step to express his political opinions and finally, in answer to a question, all the disappointment in this free America to which he had come with such high hopes pours forth in a torrent of words. With what agony of mind we listened—those of us who had become convinced of the innocence of these two men through our almost daily attendance at the trial. We could see the smile broadening on the face of the District Attorney—we felt that Sacco was sealing his doom—that no American jury at this time of post-war hysteria could listen unmoved to the expression of such despised opinions. We heard him speak of "Debs, one of the great men in his country, he is in prison . . . because he is a Socialist. He wanted the laboring class to have better conditions and better living, more education . . . but they put him in prison. Why? Because the capitalist, they know, they are against that, because they don't want our child to go to high school or college or Harvard College." We heard him say, "No war for the civilization of men. They are war for business, million dollars come on the side. What right we have to kill each other? I have been working with the German fellow, with the French, many other peoples. I love them people just as I could love my wife. . . . Why should I go kill them men? What he done to me? He never done anything, so I don't believe in no war. . . ." Our hearts sank lower and lower, it was the blackest day of the trial—after that the verdict was no surprise. Sacco had dared to criticize America—he was an anarchist—what did it matter whether or not he had committed the South Braintree murder?

The next memory picture is again of the Dedham Court House nearly six years later. The same prisoners' cage—the same figures, side by side—the same Judge,—we on-lookers in the same seats to the right of the cage from which we could see the sharp outline of the two profiles and could catch the smile that lighted their faces when they caught sight of their comrades and friends. Sacco is the first to speak—just a few sentences choked with emotion, ending with these words, "As I said before, Judge Thayer know all my life, and he know that I am never guilty, never,—not yesterday, nor today, nor forever," and then turning with such pride to his comrade Vanzetti "who will speak more long" because of his greater familiarity with the English language.

Who that was present can ever forget Vanzetti as he rose and faced the Judge—that Judge who had presided at his two trials and was now about to sentence him to die. You all remember that speech—it has gone down into history. It was *his* hour and all the agony of seven years poured forth in words of simple eloquence and beauty. As he wrote in a letter a few days later, "Yes, yes, I had kept what I said last Saturday in my heart for a seemingly eternity. But that was only a fraction of the whole—I should have spoke for days." But it was enough—enough to stir to the very depths those who listened and to whom the dramatic intensity of that hour seemed almost unbearable.

The death sentence is pronounced—the two men rise unflinching to hear the dread words—and when it is over, they are led from the court room to the Dedham jail, where the next three months are to be passed. The second act of the terrible drama is finished.

My next memories are happier ones. During the months of May and June, it was my privilege to drive Mrs. Sacco to the Dedham jail many times and on a number of occasions to be admitted with her to see the prisoners. We would come laden with fruit and flowers—sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Evans—and we would enter the large, pleasant, sunny reception hall of the jail. Sacco and Vanzetti would be summoned and would come in, their faces shining with pleasure, and together we would all sit down and talk and talk, a guard on the watch some twenty feet away. Sometimes our visits would last two hours and we would discuss everything from the "case" to Italy, their families and friends, and world events. Vanzetti followed every legal detail of the case with keenest interest and discussed it with remarkable insight and understanding. Sacco, gentle and responsive on any other subject, became incoherent and bitter when he touched on the case—took no interest in legal procedure and to the end, put all his faith in the "comrades"—the workers of the world who would rise and free them and without whom they never would be free. Both men were alike in their realistic facing of the facts and their refusal to be deluded by false hopes.

This was the happiest time of their imprisonment. For an hour every day they were allowed to be out in the jail yard together—they played a game of Italian ball, and when they came in, their faces would be glowing from the healthy exercise in the open air. They were allowed to receive unlimited amounts of food and flowers till their cells were a bower and Vanzetti begged us not to bring any more sweets or he would be ill. Sometimes the Sacco children would come also to the jail and it was pathetic to see their Father's joy in them. Indeed the happier the hour that was spent there, the sadder was the inevitable moment of parting.

Late in May, when the restrictions as to visitors grew more stringent and no one but Mrs. Sacco and her children were allowed to see the prisoners, I wrote the Sheriff that I was going soon to Europe and asked permission to see them before I left. The permission was granted and extended to three visits so that I was able to visit them with Mrs. Sacco until just before I sailed on the 25th of June. When the men heard that I was leaving, they asked anxiously if I was to be in Italy and though it had not been included in my plans when I saw their eagerness, I determined to go there. So my last recollection of Sacco and Vanzetti is my final visit when I brought a map of Italy and together we pored over it and they pointed out their little home towns of Torremaggiore and Villafalletto and advised

me as to the best routes. Then how they talked about their families, Vanzetti describing to me his little "micropolis" in the shadow of the Piedmont mountains, his old father and his sisters, and Sacco telling me of his people, his many, many little nieces and nephews, and giving me messages for them. They both had written letters which I delivered later to their sorrowing families during the sad and terrible respite between August 10th and 22nd.

It was a privilege to have known Sacco and Vanzetti and I shall never cease to be grateful for the accidental circumstance that brought me into personal contact with them. They were not willing martyrs—they were warm, passionate human beings who loved life and beauty, their families, and above all their cause—the cause of the workers. But they suffered bravely—they kept their sweetness of spirit, their thoughtfulness for others, their loyalty to the things they held dear, and they met death without faltering. The hope is that because of them, others may be saved.

GERTRUDE L. WINSLOW.

In Memoriam—Sacco and Vanzetti

On the Breast of Dawn

(1927)

Swept into death
With a brave, mute song
In the world's Niagara
Of hate and wrong,

They perished with shoulders
Unbowed to the sky,
These men whose triumph
It was to die!

Kings with no scepter
Or casual throne,
But kings whom the people
Shall make their own,

Whose names when other
Kings have gone
Shall burn like stars
On the breast of dawn!

LUCIA TRENT.

Sacco-Vanzetti

To Citizens of America

Pity them not—the two
Justice denied by court and by state
They join the few
Famous forever
They are not *dead.*
Pity instead,—men in power
Blinded by art of law
Who failing to grasp their hour,
Justice and mercy killed.
Pity them. In their power
They do not *live.*

Mourn not the two
Shrined in the hearts of friends
They live anew
Leading toward truth.
Mourn not those two.

Mourn for the State instead
That failed . . .
Impotent as the dead
To carry the message of God
That love is greater than force.
Mourn for the State instead.

Mourn but an hour. *We* are to *blame.*
Wake to this tragedy
Kindle to flame.
Change, not destroy the law.
Blot out our shame
Then shall *we live again.*

AMY WOODS.

The Quick and the Dead

(When Judge Thayer, in a tiny voice, passed sentence on Sacco and Vanzetti, a woman in the courtroom cried out in terror: "It is Death condemning Life!")

When Death, with malice in his ancient eye
And snarling lips, declared that Life must die,
A wave of wonder swept the crowded room
And in my ears there tolled the bells of doom.
That puny soul, hedged in by bonds and deeds
And the fat hand that smites as well as feeds,
How could he know the glory of their dream,
Enthroned on heights above his sordid scheme?
I faltered in despair until I saw
Their eyes still shining with an unquenched light.
I know that Truth can conquer perjured Law
While men still hold stern vigil with the Right.

JACK CONROY.

To Certain Revolutionary Poets Unrepresented in the Sacco-Vanzetti Anthology*

Why were your voices silent,
Your singing fingers mute?
What vicious wind so violent
It shattered all your fruit?

The voice of your mates was lifted
In a tempest of iron tears;
Yours quiet as snow that has drifted,
Once, first, in a score of years.

No question here of your courage,
Sensitiveness to light.
You never owed demurrage
For absence from a fight.

Did you think, if rightly, if wrongly,
Who—not I—shall say,
You would not be heard, so strongly
Two voices spoke on that day?

The voice of the victims only;
A trumpet of icy flame
They spoke, from a place as lonely
As that to which they came.

Not all tears are seen flowing,
Some floods are underground.
Poems and prayers were going
Through lips which made no sound,

Which wrath and grief were binding,
As hard and pale as stone;
Dead, drowned, unheard—yet finding
The souls of two alone.

**"America Arraigned!" An Anthology of Poems of Tribute to Sacco and Vanzetti edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney with Introduction by John Haynes Holmes.*

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Remember Sacco and Vanzetti

Remember them whose proud heroic death
Defied the curse of Greed and shook the world.
For they were innocent! The Law's damn bias
Proved no one guilty but its desperate self.
Be firm to blazon that important truth:
Greed is the murderer; the cold, thin lips
That snarled the judgment served the will of Greed.
Not one old Cossack nor one craven jury,
Not Boston's panic nor one state alone,
But the whole brute Czardom bears the stain.
At last the monster did the overt act,
Flaunting his crime, too mad to simulate;
He dared the light, he shed the mask of conscience:
Greed is his name! Remember him; and those
Two humble martyrs, oh, remember them!

Heroically, if heroes ever lived,
They died; Greed killed them—Greed, unsocial Greed.
No rebel Nazarene with eye bedewed
Glazing in awful pity at the slayers;
No Socrates with bright undaunted look,
No Huss nor Bruno—all in honor now—,
Perished more bravely than these humble two.
When hope departed they were reconciled;
They drew the sheets of pardon round themselves,
Disowned the rage that festered in their hearts,
And took their due—the fame of martyrdom.

H. H. Lewis.

The Electric Chair

Hungry brute of death . . .
Harnessed with the same strength
That sets the storm cloud afire,
With outstretched arms,
Bleak and brooding,
You yawn for your next victim,
While down the corridor
Cringes the condemned felon.

A thousand years must pass!
And then . . .
In the museum of a great city
The curator will point to you
And say: "A torture machine of
The dark ages! . . ."
And the student of ancient history
Will gasp in amazement.

William Allen Ward.

"Thistles Surround the Altars of Justice"

Sacco and Vanzetti had their share of earthly trouble,
While the hand of Justice weighted them with calumny and tears;
But for all that they have suffered other lives are paying double
As Time reaps the crop of thistles that was scattered down the years.

A man, American born, proud of his heritage,
sneered, "Let them die! What do we care
for a foreigner or two? Why all the sentiment?"
But on another day, when this man's son killed
a foreign playmate after a childish quarrel, the
boy sneered at the Juvenile Judge, "What of it?
What's a Dago or two?" And the father groaned,
"O judge! How can this be in my family?"

Sacco and Vanzetti went away from earthly trouble,
(May the Saints in Heaven wipe away the memory of pain!)
But for all that they have suffered other lives are paying double,
For the nation was on trial, and the nation went insane.

Helene Claiborne.

The Impending Crisis in India

All three of the delegates sent by the American Unitarian Association to the recent Centenary Celebration of the Brahmo-Samaj, Dr. Reese of Unity, Dr. Lathrop of Brooklyn and President Southworth of the Meadville Theological School, have brought back the word that a very serious political crisis impends in India. To some extent they have explained what the crisis is. But I think the readers of Unity will be glad to have it explained a little more fully.

Briefly stated, the exact situation is this:

India, the second largest civilized nation in the world, a nation which for 2,500 years was free, self-ruling, and one of the most illustrious of nations, has for forty years and more been urging Great Britain to give back to her the freedom and self-rule which she believes never should have been taken from her—affirming her willingness to remain within the British Empire, a loyal member, if she can have "Dominion Status," that is, home-rule like that of Canada. But at last she is tired of waiting. What she declares to have been England's delays, procrastinations, broken promises and professions of advance on the road toward home-rule, which have not been real advances at all (for example, ten years of "Dyarchy") have so completely worn out the patience of all the Indian leaders, even the most conservative, that finally they have taken a stand. At its last meeting (December, 1928), the All-India National Congress (which is the largest and most representative body in India) said to Great Britain by a strong vote, "We will wait another year, until the 31st of December, 1929—for you to grant us 'Dominion Status.' If by that time you have not definitely and authoritatively offered it to us, we shall wait no longer, but shall strike for independence outside the Empire."

Gandhi wanted the Congress to wait two years instead of one, but he was over-ruled. He accepted the authority of the voting body and promised that if Great Britain refused India's offer, he will re-enter politics and lead the Indian people in a great, nation-wide movement of non-cooperation and non-payment of taxes, which of course means revolution.

Everybody realized that this action of the Congress was something in the highest degree serious, and none more clearly than Gandhi, who during the discussion declared to the vast gathering the meaning of their action in the following terribly earnest words:

"At the end of your period of probation (one year), you have got practically to work for independence—I might say practically declare independence. And some of you, some of us, including myself if I live at that time, have to die in the attempt to give a good account of what we are trying to do—to tell the nation that independence is in sight, and if it is not in sight, to tell them that it will be seen over our dead carcasses in winning it."

The terrible import of this utterance can only be understood by calling to mind that it came from

Gandhi, a man who weighs his every word, and who again and again has proved to the world that he can suffer to any extreme and if need be die for a cause that he believes to be just.

Let all friends of England, as well as all friends of India, hope and pray that Great Britain may be wise enough to restore to this great, gifted, historic, long-suffering Indian nation the freedom and self-government which are their right, and to do it before it is too late. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Mahatma Gandhi—A Tribute

From his earliest years, Gandhi's life reveals a chain of consistencies, the result of vigorous self-examination and conscientious living. Gandhi is absolutely convinced that it is by truth and justice alone, the principles of all religions through time, and the ideals of all teachers throughout the ages, that by them alone and by their practice without the least compromise is victory, the victory that is unsullied and eternal. And as a motto *Ahimsa* or Love stands supremest to him. He is a humanitarian of the highest degree and would if only his frail mortal body had the power, banish suffering from the whole world. This being not practicable except as a theory for the resources of one individual he concentrated upon the problems and iniquities of his own country. His principles are the highest yet expounded in any philosophy, the highest that humanity is aware of, and these principles he has adhered to with marvelous tenacity.

He exemplifies in his life all that he stands for, poverty, humility, meekness, consistency and above all truth. Whenever he makes a mistake he admits it at the first opportunity. He has been the foremost and bitterest critic of the vices of his country and his countrymen. He has never yet preached one word, the truth of which he had not been convinced of by personal experience. There has not been a single real inconsistency in the chain of events of his life.

Some of the greatest men have failed to understand his creed. They have paid him the highest tributes and in the end called him an enigma. Some have said that he is the greatest religious teacher, but a very poor politician. The modern system of analyzing and tabulating everything cannot see a life as a whole, a synthesis of diverse and even paradoxical qualities. Charlie Chaplin comes before us as a clown, and we are ready to admit that he is a perfect clown. But that in such a genius there could possibly be other aspects, dearer to him than his clowning and perhaps valuable to the world at large we would not for a moment admit. Today the world asks for a plain "yes" or "no." Man does not progress in herds. Nor by peculiarities materially visible. He progresses individually, theoretically and intellectually. If Gandhi admits that he plans his life as much as possible on the Sermon on the Mount, according to the usual reasoning he is an ascetic and a good man but hopelessly impossible. Because we are personally weak characters we try to make compromise and half-virtues the standard. If once in a way at least an individual like Gandhi does not arise among mankind, where would this lying, scrambling humanity be?

Let me attempt to show why to those who can understand him he is a very practical politician in the best sense of the word, and to others he is enigmatical.

Take, for example, a clause from his Credo: "I believe in the protection of the cow, in its much larger sense than the popular."

Man's most valued property after he emerged from the Stone Age civilization was cattle. Milk has been an essential food all the world over, and in India particularly the cow has been the symbol of peace and plenty. Further, taking the present day conditions in India, infantile mortality, rickety children, early deaths and kindred conditions of poverty, we find that preserving the cow is an excellent economic proposition.

In the same way people have laughed at the *khaddar* idea. Of course it sounds ridiculous to ask a civilization used to its Rolls-Royces, its Ritz's and Savoys, its aeroplanes and "death rays" to take up the spinning wheel. But for India if not for any other country, India with her age-old soil under the mercy of capricious and alternating droughts and floods and therefore unfit for most forms of cultivation, but good enough for the growing of cotton, India with her essential village life, India with her teeming millions whom it would be the greatest danger to introduce to Industrialism, to India in my opinion has come from Gandhi one of the soundest economic policies.

It is not that Gandhi cannot see the utility of electricity, railways, and automobiles, but till such time as the millions of our fellow-men in India can have at least one full meal a day and till such time when men will learn to regard machinery and science as a means for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and not a luxury for the few to produce which millions have to toil as arduously as, and under greater risks than the galley-slaves of old, till then Gandhi is willing to "put the clock back" as the rest of the world terms his actions.

> Since thousands of years India remains unshaken, alone, in the midst of the changing current of empires. Everything else has passed away, but India has learnt to make conquest of mastery over self and the knowledge of happiness. It has not wished to possess machinery and great cities. The old spinning wheel and the ancient indigenous education have ensured its wisdom and its good. We have now to get back to this ancient simplicity, not in one leap, but gradually and patiently, following the example of individual leaders.

Even the great Tagore, from whom I have derived the most satisfying philosophy of life and who has seldom failed to see both sides of a question, had occasion to disagree with the Mahatma. After paying the highest possible tribute to Mahatma Gandhi he ends by disagreeing with the idea of non-cooperation and expresses his disappointment at Mahatma Gandhi's call back "to the spinning wheel." Artist that he is, he asks:

> Is this the call of the New Age to new creation? If man can be stunted by big machines, the danger of his being stunted by small machines must not be lost sight of.

It is quite appropriate that the universal mind of the great poet should utter a protest against even a temporary cessation of exchange between nation and nation; it is in keeping with his vast vision of "that far off divine event to which the whole creation moves," that he should ignore the temporary needs of his particular nation, be the needs patriotic, or economic.

But Gandhi argues that your universal orchestra can never be complete, that its music can never be harmonious so long as one instrument is out of tune. And to his way of thinking India is badly out of tune and he would fain put it right at any cost, with at the same time the utmost charity of mind towards the rest of the world. Savs he:

My religion is not a religion of prison. It has a place for the least creation of God. It is closed only against pride of race, pride of religion and pride of colour.

And he goes on to prove why even at the risk of being taken for a narrow nationalist, an inhumanitarian patriot whose concern is only for his people and his country he has taken up this task:

When a house is on fire each one takes out a bucket to quench the fire. When all about me are dying for want of food, the only occupation permissible to me is to feed the hungry. India is a house on fire. It is dying of hunger. . . . To a people famishing and dying of hunger the only acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food and wages. We must think of millions of Indians who are today less than animals, who are almost in a dying state. The spinning wheel is the reviving draught for the millions of our dying countrymen and countrywomen. Hunger is the argument that is driving India to the spinning wheel. . . . The poet lives for the morrow and would have us do likewise. He presents to our admiring gaze the beautiful picture of birds early in the morning singing hymns of praise as they soar into the sky. These birds had had their day's food and soared with rested wings in whose veins new blood had flown during the previous night. But I have had the pain of watching those who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire. For millions it is an eternal vigil or an eternal trance. It is an indescribably painful state which has to be experienced to be realized. I have found it impossible to soothe suffering patients with a song from *Kabir* . . . Give them work that they may have food? "Why should I who have no need to work for food, spin?" may be the question asked. Because I am eating what does not belong to me. I am living on the spoilation of my countrymen. Trace the course of every pice (Indian coin) that finds its way into your pocket and you will realize the truth of what I write.

From the beginning of time great teachers have appeared in the world and taught the law of righteousness. Not everybody followed them, and not everybody who followed them followed them in the entirety of their teaching. Had they done so the world would have fulfilled its purpose for this round of humanity and we would not be here today. A sad fate it would have been! After all there is much heroism, much good, many wonderful examples of perfect living in this "best of all possible worlds." But nobody could deny that the Buddha and Christ have civilized the world; that the few individuals like them are the sole justification for time and the life on this earth. To perfect a Christ and Buddha the centuries passed. And it has been worth it. There have been a few lesser men of the same type, such were Socrates, Bruno, Joan of Arc, St. Francis, John Brown, David Thoreau, Tolstoy and McSwiney. And it will be to that galaxy of names that the name of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi will pass.

Gandhi has quickened the evolution of India by five-hundred years at least. True enough he did not obtain Swaraj within a year as he promised. Not his fault, for he fulfilled his part; India did not! On the one hand, there are hundreds of bold Indians who would fling away their life if the occasion arose in the heat and glamour of battle; on the other hand there are many extremely well intentioned patriotic men who would choose the hard, joyless, unselfish path of moderate agitation; between these there are only a few who would in the silence of the night, by the lamplight of their own private homes roll up their sleeves and would work by their muscles alone for the freedom of their motherland. The *Charka* (spinning wheel) is the symbol of him who in the sweat of his brow with neither the daze of the battlefield nor the frenzy of the platform silently and quietly works. And who is he? He is the peasant chained to the soil of his forefathers. He is the greatest patriot.

Among the many things demonstrable and of economic value, (the only value that the world recognizes) of Gandhi's crusade may be enumerated; the decline of the liquor trade, in spite of the inducements of the government for its retention, the spread of *khaddar,* hand-spun cloth (through which even without statistics we may be sure more mouths are fed today in India than before), simplicity in dress and food and mode of living among the richer Indians which also (no statistics again) helps to feed more mouths. And above all these mundane considerations, is the wonderful transformation that Gandhi brought about in the mentality of India. This transformation is not on the wane. Rather with greater appeal with sounder logic it is daily assailing individual minds and converting them.

Posterity will remember Gandhi as the greatest challenge against modern civilization, which connotes war, machinery, and industrialism — a challenge that remains unanswered.

Ceylon. J. VIJAYATUNGA.

Our Father

Because they sing My praise in diverse songs,
And bow not solely to one synod's sway,
Crosses My sons bear, crowns of thorny wrongs—
My sons are being crucified today.

I shall not turn from heartfelt paean or prayer
Which comes not churchly garbed, in formal way—
Millions who worship Me are in despair—
My sons are being crucified today.

Keen seekers after truth, who reverend stand
Before My wonders which their works display,
Are harried by a ruthless bigot band—
My sons are being crucified today.

They serve not Me, who with veiled threat or boast,
Arouse contempt, strife, hatred, or dismay.
Professing Christ, they worship Mammon most—
Yes, Christ is being crucified today.

JEROME ALEXANDER.

Radio Noises

"Here's a goodly tumult. I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and fights."

Hostess in 2 Henry IV
Act II, Scene 4.

Dogberry. "You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to battle and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured."

Much Ado About Nothing
Act III, Scene 3.

Verges. "If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it."

Much Ado About Nothing
Act III, Scene 3.

"He that loves noise must buy a pig."

Old Saying.

These watchmen had infinitely more sense than the millions of radio users of today. The quotations also show a state of mind of the public.

The radio has brought with it problems of crime and disease. The comfort of the population has decreased and peace of mind and enjoyment of home are things of the past.

The jumble of injurious and jangling sounds which murder rest, comfort and sleep, and which make the enjoyment of home impossible by inconsiderate vulgarians and boors, has become so frightful and appalling that something must be done. The health of the population is seriously involved.

Loud and continuous playing of the radio with its shocking, distressing and afflicting noises produces upon the nervous system a deleterious effect, which harrows and tortures the body and the mind. The execrable, nauseous and revolting jazz sounds that come from innumerable houses these days, bring a cabaret into every home. These cabarets are of course anathema to all right-thinking and right-feeling people. But now it is impossible to escape them because they are driven upon us, no matter where we are, by the rabble and rout of molesting and malignant Goths, Vandals, Hottentots and Yahoos. Time was when if you desired peace and quiet you stayed away from the dance hall and the vaudeville show. But now they are crashed into your very home, and cheap, debasing vaudeville with detestable, strange and unnatural voices and delivery and hideous, uncanny and unearthly noises are the order of the day and the night.

Decent people are continually on the rack and placed between hawk and buzzard. They not only sup full of horrors, but they breakfast, lunch and dine full of horrors. The Huns under Attila, the Vandals led by Genseric, the Visigoths under the command of Alaric, were as nothing to this modern scourge. The louts who make up King Mob will tell you that they have a perfect right to continue loud and dreadful noises because they can use their own apartment in any manner in which they please, even though that manner may be injurious to other people. But it is time for the barbaric hordes to take their proper place in the world. The dregs of the people and the swinish multitude must not be allowed to interfere with the rights of decent people.

There may be good music coming over the radio, but we do not hear it. The only kind that seems to be fancied by the many is the jumble of odious, repellant, ghastly and frantic noises that seem to come from various instruments, jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Physicians tell us of the injurious effect of noise upon health. The radio noises, the loud sounds, the metallic voices, the outlandish shrieks and cries, are the worst of modern noises and affect adversely hundreds of thousands of people in the City of New York. A friend describes the condition and the physiological symptoms as follows:

> You are plunged from the peace of heaven into the pandemonium of hell. There is an increase in the rapidity of the blood flow, palpitation of the heart, sweating, upset stomach, general debility, and general nervous breakup; heaviness and pain in the head and mental excitement.

Machiavelli has an apt description in his "Mandragola," Act IV, Scene I. It is just as if he were referring to the effect of the radio.

> I feel all shaken from my head to the soles of my feet. My legs tremble, my entrails stir, my heart leaps from my bosom, my arms give way, my tongue is mute, my eyes are dazzled, my brain whirls.

The newspapers are beginning to tell of crimes committed by people who could no longer stand the strain of the insupportable, unbearable and unendurable radio and are tempted to commit crime and actually commit crime in order to prevent the continuance of the horror.

It is about time that intellectual workers and decent peace-loving and quiet-loving people in general asserted themselves. They have rights just as precious as the rights of those who are noise-inclined. The sick, the old, children, those in poor health, and those whose constitutions are good, but whose systems are undermined by the loud, raucous and horrifying noises, all have rights which should be respected by the great crowd of infesting and persecuting hordes who thrive and fatten upon the most outlandish noises and who have no consideration for the comfort, convenience and health of other people.

What remedy? These people will not respond to courteous treatment. The various agencies in the City of New York, the civil and criminal courts, the police, the Health Department, give no satisfaction. The doctors will give no help, although the field is one which they should occupy immediately for the sake of preventive medicine.

The radio companies should be compelled to limit the hours within which they may broadcast, and to announce to radio users that these users should lower the radio so that it cannot be heard outside their own apartments. Legislators and statesmen should immediately take this matter in hand. The problem is all-pervading and pressing. If the matter is not so taken in hand, individual and personal violence will unquestionably be the result. Self-control and self-restraint are battered down by the continuous knocking at the gate.

There must be:

1. Regulation of the radio companies.
2. Application of the present law.
3. Extension and development of the law.

The law of nuisance at the present time is very difficult to apply on account of technical reasons. My suggestion is to apply the statute of disorderly conduct to these cases. But in order to do this, you must bring

about an education of the moral sense of the judges. They are the products of the times and do not see the full horror of the acts committed by these radio users. If necessary, there should be an extension and a development of the law in the direction of making the act committed an assault. I am quite convinced that if this matter were properly presented to the courts, even if the complainant lost in every court before he reached the Court of Appeals, the Court of Appeals would in all probability recognize the extension and the development of the law and would bring it abreast of the conditions of the time. I do not, however, advocate more severity of law, only a choice of means for attaining the end. I am of the firm opinion that a rapid, certain and effective application of the disorderly conduct statute would be sufficient.

ROBERT FERRARI.
(Counsellor at Law)

The Study Table

Literary Dissection

This* is the most devastating book we have read in years. The "three persons" of its title-page and contents are really four, for the essay on Colonel House is quite as much a study of Woodrow Wilson as it is of the Texan politician. These two, added to Sir Henry Wilson, the famous English field-marshal now buried in St. Paul's and to Colonel T. E. Lawrence the mysterious "Arabian knight" now hidden away somewhere in India make up a quartet of "persons" for the author's examination. And this examination is altogether one of the most terrible things we have ever witnessed. Earlier critics have compared it to the fearful journalistic onslaughts of Croker and Lockhart in the great days of the Reviews a hundred years ago. The comparison is apt from the standpoint of consequences, but not at all from the standpoint of method or spirit. In both cases we have a process which is deadly. But there was a ferocity about the early nineteenth century reviewers which is here altogether absent. Sir Andrew Macphail is not ferocious. As well apply this adjective to a surgeon cutting open a diseased body, because he tortues tissue and releases blood! On the contrary, exactly like the surgeon, our author is cool, calm, remorseless, and just. What he finds, he finds—and straightway reveals. He is moved by no sentimentality, stopped by no pity. Truth is what he is after—and, if he seems cruel, it is only because the parts dissected are so ghastly.

What brings these "three persons"—Field Marshal Wilson, Colonel House, and Colonel Lawrence—to this literary operating-table is the fact that each of these men has written a book, as Job prayed that his "adversary" might have done. Sir Henry Wilson's book is his "Life and Diaries," as compiled and published after his death in 1922 by his friend, Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell. Colonel House's book is his "Intimate Papers," as prepared and published by Professor Charles Seymour, of Yale, of which the first two volumes only had been issued when Mr. Macphail wrote. Colonel Lawrence's book is his "Revolt in the Desert." The three essays in this volume are simply glorified reviews of these three conspicuous items in the war literature of the last ten years—and such reviews as no one of the famous men in question could ever have imagined would greet his confessions. Had it been possible for these men to foresee this book, we doubt if any one of them would have asked or been permitted "leave to print." But, says Macphail, "all three have come voluntarily before the bar of history, . . . babbling the truth with artless candor, not knowing the profundity of what they said." And results are what they are!

It is the fact that these "three persons" all tell the truth, that makes Macphail's dissection of their testimony so devastating. In the first essay, on Sir Henry Wilson, the author is quite content to let the distinguished English marshal speak for himself. This is all that is needed to damn him through all eternity in the eyes of all good men. Never have we seen such a case of moral suicide. In the course of 136 pages, Sir Henry's diaries are quoted no less than 223 times, and each passage is like a bullet to the heart. What we see in this mosaic of personal confession is a cruel, callous, stupid man—a man eaten up with pride and self-sufficiency, a soldier who never did either a wise or generous thing—a great officer of government who wielded enormous power to mean and futile ends. Perhaps nothing is more conspicuous in the diary than the immeasurable vanity of the man—his supreme satisfaction with his own achievements, and his utter and shameless, almost obscene, contempt for other men. This soldier was devoid of loyalty, as he was barren of ability. If he climbed high, it was because of an ambition which never lost sight of the main chance, and an aggressive impudence which pushed heedlessly and relentlessly into the front ranks. He was an adventurer, pure and simple, and the vast confusion of the War gave him an opportunity for advancement and power which other and more scrupulous men could not or would not use. And now he lies proudly in St. Paul's Cathedral "with Roberts, Wolseley, Nelson, Wellington, and Napier—but not," as Macphail significantly emphasizes, "with Haig." For Haig had anticipated what Wilson's diary has embalmed forever for posterity. "A man writes a diary with the intention of creating a monument: he may erect a scaffold instead, and secure contrary fame from that eminence."

Colonel House's "Intimate Papers" Macphail would not describe as "a scaffold." Or if the scaffold is there, it is Woodrow Wilson and not the Colonel who is gibbetted. In this second essay there is a distinctly gentler tone than in the first, which is remorseless. It is evident that Macphail has a certain liking for Colonel House. But he has nothing but amused contempt for all his futile work in trying to stop the Great War before it began, and to end it after it was under way. Not that the effort was not laudable! But the Colonel's assurance was so sublime, his innocence so infantile, his remoteness from all real issues so absolute, and his failure so complete! "If these things had not happened," he writes to President Wil-

*"Three Persons," by Sir Andrew Macphail. Published by Louis Carrier & Co., New York, $3.50.

son, referring to the sinking of the *Lusitania,* the British embargo, the use of poisonous gas, etc.,

> I could have gone along, and by midsummer we would have had the belligerents discussing, through you, the peace terms.

But, comments Macphail, with laconic brevity, "these things did happen." That's a way things have in wartime! And House was living all the time, like his friend and master, far above such vulgar and inconvenient facts as were events.

> Colonel House (says Macphail) was a spectator of life, an interested amateur. He was a giver of advice, with no responsibility for the decision that might arise from it. If his advice was not taken, he was free to shrug his shoulders and walk away.

But all the time he was not himself, but Wilson. This equivocal position of the man is what explains, perhaps, the author's most serious charge that "House developed qualities which in a politician he himself would have suspected as hypocrisy, and in a diplomat as deceit." It is difficult to say, however, whether Macphail holds Wilson responsible for House, or House for Wilson. Probably the former, for Wilson was the stronger of the two men, as House was the more charming. Whichever way it was matters little, for the two men fell together in one great disaster.

> All the vast and benevolent designs of Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House fell into ruin. . . . Also their personal government failed because it should fail. It was intolerable that free men should be denied access to their responsible government, and compelled to resort to a private "study." Woodrow Wilson, (concludes our author), is one of the tragic figures of history. He was the most powerful man in the world. He was a good man, but rather in the worse sense of the word: the certain man who trusted in himself that he was righteous and despised others; and yet he was forced by events into a course he knew to be wrong, not stanch enough to stand and let events pass him by to their appointed end.

Yet even here the castigation is tempered. "After these Papers," writes Macphail, "there is nothing now hid of Woodrow Wilson's character, and nothing ignoble has been disclosed in his public or domestic life."

What outrages Sir Andrew Macphail in his third essay, on Colonel Lawrence, is not the man himself. It is true that he thinks him one of the cruelest men the War produced. True, also, that he thinks his Arabian exploits grossly exaggerated in character and significance. But he catches the romance of this startling figure, recognizes his authentic if highly specialized and therefore very narrow order of ability, and acclaims with rapture his amazing literary genius. What he denounces is the pose of the man, the studied air of mystery, the mock modesty which hides egotism of the most pronounced variety. The first section of his essay on Lawrence, in which Macphail rends the veil in which the Colonel has shrouded his deeds and personality, is altogether one of the most terrific things which we have ever read. When the author is done with what he calls "the myth", there is nothing left but mingled sham and shame. Personally, we feel that we know too little about Lawrence—the man is still too much a man of mystery—for us to judge as to whether Macphail is just in his judgment of him, as we feel sure that he is wholly just in his judgment of Sir Henry Wilson, and largely just at least in his judgment of Colonel House. But certainly, on the surface, he makes out his case that Colonel Lawrence is to be understood as a kind of pervert in the field of glory.

His book is open, (is Macphail's last word.) All that now remains is to read, and grant to him the only wish he ever expressed: "To be forgotten by my friends"—until the time comes for a fresh exploit.

Hero-worshippers will not like this book. The lovers of keen and fearless criticism, of the rigorous search for truth, will cherish it as a masterpiece.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"They Are Slaves Who Dare Not Be in the Right with Two or Three"

All poets, it has been said, are rebels. The mere desire or act of writing argues against a self-sufficiency, shows in the poet a conflict between his desires and the world which frustrates them. So the poet pours forth his beautiful and harmonious protest. Dissatisfied with the unhappy state of things, the poet rebels and seeks to remould the world nearer to his heart's desire. And, in time, the greatest poets have influenced ages, until, as Shelley, that ethereal rebel wrote, the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

One of the questions arising from a reading of this noble book* is: can poetry and propaganda marry? And will they be happy? One answer may be both yes and no; that is, bad poetry has a moral; while good poetry *is* moral. In a good poem, the moral or the propaganda is well dissolved in the solution of the poem. Otherwise, if the moral is tagged on at the end, it shows that the author was unwilling to leave his effect to the emotion conveyed in the verses.

Many of the poems in this book are good poetry from which the lesson naturally flows. Of course, in an anthology, there is much smoke rather than fire; in this anthology, there seems to be more smoke than fire. Nevertheless, the sum total of authentic poetry well warrants such a volume. Here, indeed, honor should be given to the compiler, Marcus Graham, to whom the book is a long labor of love. Mr. Graham with undiminished zeal and Herculean patience has made far flung forays on many libraries, out-of-way pamphlet collections, and hosts of periodicals.

The book contains an admirable introduction by those valiant spirits, Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent, who, among many other fine things, declare:

> Many poets forget that the Tower of Ivory is built of ivory-white bones and is shadowed by the Tower of Babel! But the wiser and greater poets know that none is safe when pestilence tramples earth, be it the fever of disease that ravages the body or the fever of Capitalism which ravages bodies and all else human and humane. They know that we are "members one of another" and that it takes the joy of all to make the joy of one.

In this book, then, are gathered all manner of protest and outcry from the human soul coffined by tyranny. Centuries of baffled longing and slavery and lamentation are gathered in a reverberation, titanic chorus, "terrible as an army with banners." Many poems in the book illumine Emerson's words:

> Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison is an illustrious abode; every burned book enlightens the world; and every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side.

Turning the pages, in the section called "The Forerunners," one pauses at this stanza by Blake:

> How the chimney sweepers cry
> Every blackened church appals,

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*An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry" Edited by Marcus Graham. The Active Press, N. Y. $3.00 (Order from Marcus Graham, P. O. Box 3, West Farms Station, New York, N. Y.)

And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls

This section seems overmuscled with gesticulating and pompous rhetoric. Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt," however, is still good. James Russell Lowell's "Stanzas On Freedom" still retain warmth and point: The last stanza reads:

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

In the section, called "The Moderns," these poems, among others, are noteworthy: "The Dead Make Rules," by Mary Carolyn Davies; "When the Cock Crows" by Arturo Giovannitti; Lee Wilson Dodd's "Comrade," whose last stanza is

Call me friend or foe . . .
Taking to give,
I go with all who go
Dying to live;

Alfred Kreymborg's ironic "Advertisement" is well-done; Edwin Markham's noble "Man With the Hoe" is too familiar to need quotation; Ben Musser has a strong poem in "Song of Rebellion"; Ernest Hartsock, the rising young Southern writer, has Blake-like stanzas in his poem "Madonna in Flanders," the last two verses reading:

It is not strange, it is not queer
That Hell is quenched with Heaven's tear;
It is not strange, it is not odd
That Satan's laughs are groans of God.

It is to mourn, it is to weep
That God gives His beloved sleep;
It is to smile, it is to laugh:
Hell's joke is Heaven's epitaph.

This valuable book closes with a group of translations from numerous languages, showing that no matter how far apart or in what tongues they may write, all of the poets belong to that boundless country of the human heart.

By and large the poetry in the book prods the social consciousness from apathy and wakes the social conscience to revolt from all tyranny. One feels anew the truth of Shelley's words:

Poetry nourishes the waking spirit; it rekindles the dream; it redeems from decay the visitations of divinity in man. It creates anew the universe after the latter has been annihilated by the recurrence of impressions and blurred by reiteration.

LOUIS GINSBERG.

Correspondence

Brent Allinson Replies to Mr. Kellock on Russia

Editor of UNITY:

Because of the wide interest in the challenge of Russia to the contemporary world and the importance of accuracy and agreement, if possible, among American students of the problem, it does seem advisable to ask you for space enough to reply to the superficially informed but obtuse objurations concerning my article on Russia in your issue of May 20th last, written to you by the Statistical Director of the Soviet Russian Information Bureau in Washington.

Complaining that UNITY should have published so misinformed an article, Mr. Kellock declares that its main thesis was "essentially that of the old Lusk Committee of unsavory memory," and sounded "more like a philosophical apologia for a fantastic Red Horror story." In writing this it seems to me that he confesses that he fails to grasp the true thesis of the article, of UNITY, of America, or even of Communist Russia. What makes the matter important is not merely the authorship but the fact that many American radicals display a similar myopia, a similar concern with the trees rather than the forest, and fall into unnecessary sloughs of complaint against their country and their countrymen. . . . Perhaps the best boon that any of us can hope for is an occasional glimpse of psychological verity and culture-history by which to square our lives and convictions with enduring principles, and so avoid being misled or deceived by the changing phenomena on the surface. Russia still presents to us, as Woodrow Wilson once divined, the acid-test of ourselves in the "ordeal of civilization." It is the great antipode.

It has been generally agreed, I think, that the main and fundamental historic thesis of the Americas is liberty —primarily economic liberty, called Opportunity, and indefeasibly united with it, many civic and religious liberties, conceived in terms of individual human beings possessed of "natural" or justly inalienable rights. For this possession of an ideal of liberty, and many embodiments of it, the American peoples have paid, are paying, will pay, a heavy price in strife, inequality, even injustice; and they forget most of the time that their nations were, at their births, likewise "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Soviet Russia never dedicated even to the conception of liberty or to the faith and task of its realization, but with a very different cultural heritage of absolutism in state and church, dedicated rather to the solidarity of social equality, has become its most portentous champion and avatar, under a vigilant and uninhibited dictatorship provided with a materialistic Koran. The equality of Russia, furthermore, like its history, is not conceived in terms of the individual; indeed, the individual is not yet conceived at all in Russia. There has never appeared in the land a successful liberator, a Reformation, although there have been numerous tzaral scourges. There has been but one individual in Russian history—the khan, the tzar (a later word meaning Power), Gospodar, God. The Russian people were his chattel. They have been the victims, not the makers, of their history; they have been acted upon, not actors, notwithstanding their passion for the stage. To miss this idea is to miss the larger meaning of Russia in the past as in the contemporary world. I submit that Mr. Kellock, and most American radicals, seem to miss it entirely. . . . If they like that sort of world better, and feel at home in it, there is no room for discussion because, as Mark Twain observed with finality, "that is the sort of world that some people like." My point is that it is not our kind of world, and never will be.

For the sake of its thesis, its dedication to a single-track conception of life and a hierarchical instead of an alternating-current notion of government, Russia and its people are paying a tragically dreadful price—from our point of view and plane of feeling—for their egalitarian system, in coercion, in suppression, in denial of liberty and the breath of individual life. It is no good at all for American expounders of Bolshevism or friends of reconcilation to ignore or deny this—the fact is written in pain and fear and silence all over the Russian land. And it will never do for a peacemaker to ignore facts, or to pretend that they are not there. For a pacifist, indeed, the Russian land is still a wretched abandon of violence, and its history is a tale that must be told in horror—Red and White and Black. It is a national agony, a catastrophe, a brutal theatre of religious and social civil war, in which life, springing up out of a cemetery, is still lived by millions on terms which would be deemed insufferable by any western people unacquainted with prolonged tyranny and destitution—which is to say by any western nation since the French Revolution. . . . To me, and to you, a land in which individual liberty of thought and utterance and action is extinguished, or unlearned, is a dead land, however apparently its corpses walk and smile. . . . Even as a land where equality is denied in essentials is doomed. . . . That is why I believe that America and Russia need each other.

So much for cultural thesis and antithesis. What is to be done about it? Because Russia is an acid-test, and a

demonstration of much that we do not believe, as well as a sharp reminder of our sins of forgetfulness, and because it has more to teach than we have will to learn, I proposed, in my article, the creation of a new form of public intercourse between America and Russia—an institution which I termed a cultural trading-post—for the sake of both nations. I regard ordinary conventional diplomatic intercourse between them as utterly inept, and probably merely provocative of further disagreement. Such was the thesis of my article. To none of which does Mr. Kellock refer.

He not only misses the point but he somewhat perversely misquotes me. I did not charge that Soviet Russia was preparing for the use of armed force against its neighbors upon a grand, all-inclusive scale. What I said was: "The fact of these pronounced (antagonistic) attitudes of mind (in America and Soviet Russia), on whatever logical validity or falsity they may be based, constitutes unquestionably a great menace to the peace and security of the world. Since neither is opposed to the use of armed force, and both are prepared mentally, and are preparing physically for its employment, 'if necessary,' upon a grand, all-inclusive scale, few intelligent persons aware of the facts can doubt that as the power of Soviet Russia increases . . . . and the fiscal control of the United States continues to expand and tighten . . . . by so much will this antagonism of sentiment and theory be intensified, and the danger increased, of a conflict in Asia or Europe involving both. . . ." I hope that that conflict is still far away. Contemporary events in China seem to bring it ominiously near.

Since I am challenged, I will venture to call your and Mr. Kellock's attention to the reflection that the impressive peace movement in the United States and the rising opposition to militarism and compulsory military training in the schools, about which we have heard so much on both sides in the last decade, exists just because this country is fundamentally dedicated to liberty and will not submit to mental and physical conscription in time of peace. Such a movement can hardly be said to exist in Soviet Russia, where girls as well as boys are drilled in regular rifle practice in schools and factories and the whole nation labors under an undiminished war-psychosis. Save for the systematically persecuted Tolstoyans, whose members regularly go to prison or exile, there is no anti-militarist opposition. If any should be revealed, it would be regarded, and dealt with, as treason in war-time. No such journal as UNITY could exist a fortnight, even if its editors and friends could find the means to publish it, which they could not. Every printing press in Russia is in the hands of a branch of the Government or the Communist Party. Should means be sent from abroad to any anti-militarist in Soviet Russia the means would be confiscated in the mails, and the opponents of war and social war would find themselves in outer Mongolia or inner Turkestan without any possibility of bail, of jury-trial, or of legal appeal. . . . If Mr. Kellock does not know this he does not know Russia.

I myself attended, while I was in Moscow, a trial of a Tolstoyan conscientious objector to service in the Red Army. There was, of course, no jury. The young judge was flanked by two comrades of the Party, supervising proceedings. The objector was given a month in which to reconsider and informed that if he still refused to serve he would be sentenced to two years in prison or be sent to Siberia. It is true that in France he would probably have been given ten years. But we are talking about Russia since its revolution and the overthrow of its historic autocracy.

If "no major vessel of war has been built in Russia since the Revolution," as Mr. Kellock affirms, I should be the first to rejoice. But having visited the great naval base at Sevastopol, and seen the rejoicing over the new armored cruiser *"Lieutenant Schmidt,"* and the war vessels on the Caspian Sea, and a great war-manoeuvre and parade of tanks and areoplanes outside of Baku, I know, to my sorrow, that only poverty, and no want of enthusiasm for a great navy, restrains the Communist Government from building one. Lest my personal observations be doubted, permit me to quote from an address of the Soviet War Commissar, Tovarisch Voroshilof, speaking on this subject to the All-Union Soviet Congress in Moscow, in April. He said:

"Women as well as men must undergo some sort of military training.

"The real number of the Russian forces under arms is 600,000, of whom 100,000 are permanent non-commissioned officers.

"The Red air-fleet is worthy of the pride it inspires in the proletariat. Behind it there is a group of scientists and designers unequaled in many countries. . . . Although I shall not enter into the details of recent steps taken in the reconstitution of the navy, it is no longer a contemptible little force.

"Russia is still far behind other nations in war-technique and chemical defense, but during the respite granted us owing to our unprovocative attitude we hope to develop our chemical industry. We are neither Tolstoyan pacifists nor vegetarians and we shall manufacture poison gases. There is also anti-gas, and we have a new mask which will resist all kinds of poisons."

Carrying the spirit into action, while I was in Moscow the principal organization of Russian Youth launched, through its newspaper—the *Komsomolsky Pravda*—a series of war-manoeuvres, and published glowing descriptions of the enthusiasm and success of the combatants in the "battle" between the Reds and the Blues. This was not the professional army's war-games, but a summer outing for the youth of Moscow. "And this is the great point," said Comrade Kamenev, addressing the boys, "it is necessary only to become interested, and the pleasure will help to carry you through. I hope that today's military manoeuvres will be only the beginning of your military training which will help you in all your work and striving. . . . It will be an example to the whole Union. The local newspapers, perceiving the success of the *Pravda,* which initiated these, will institute similar ones throughout the country. The best groups will then be awarded prizes and flags." . . . The newspaper concluded its account: "With unexhausted vitality, and increased health, the fighters of the Komsomoli return to the capital." . . . How familiar, how depressingly familiar, it all sounds! And this is the organization which has summoned a congress of children this very month to Moscow to combat and destroy the evil influence of the Boy Scouts! . . . It is the iron of irony here.

Mr. Kellock, resolved apparently to disagree with me even when he doesn't, says: "Mr. Allinson emphasizes the statement that the export trade of the Soviet Union has been 'financed by loans and credits obtained principally in England and the United States.' The fact is that Soviet export trade is financed almost wholly by domestic financial institutions (80 per cent by the Soviet State Bank). The Soviet Union has had no loans from either England or the United States. It has had trade credits in both countries." What I said was: "In fact, Soviet Russian export trade has been financed by commercial loans and credits obtained principally in England and the United States for the last six years." I did not say governmental loans; I do not see the validity of his "correction." From where does the Soviet State Bank derive its power to finance Russian export trade, if not from the willingness of European and American concerns to trade with it; and how does it do it when the Soviet rouble is not even quoted nor sold on the New York and London money exchanges? Its value is based on *fiat pecunias,* and sustained by the export of Russian raw materials. The Soviet State Bank can advance credits to the Russian Export Trust because it has received commercial, i. e., "trade" credits, principally from English and American corporations—like that of a hundred million dollars recently reported to have been advanced by the International General Electric Company of New York and Schenectady. Or even by the sale of Soviet Government bonds in England, as reported purchased in very large sums by the Midland Bank, Ltd., of London, last year. Why? Because Soviet Russia has been, in fact, commercially recognized, regardless of American and English diplomatic attitude, and of the confiscations of American and British property in Russia.

On the important matter of parity of privileges, permit me to point out anew that all foreign trade is still a state monopoly in Soviet Russia, and that *Amtorg,*—the Russian Government's commercial representative in the United States—is organized as an American corporation under the laws of the state of New York for the purpose

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

LABOR SUNDAY MESSAGE 1929

(Prepared by the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America)

For two decades the churches of this country have been urging their members engaged in industry, employers and employees alike, to apply the spirit and principles of Christ in business relationships.

They have not only emphasized the need of cooperative effort, the sacredness of human life, the power of unselfish action, the social steawardship of property, and the subordination of the profit motive to the spirit of service, but time and again the churches have called attention to specific evils which are sacrificing human life. They have protested against the inhumanity and wastefulness of child labor, the unfair exploitation of the labor of women, unnecessary Sunday work and night work, an overlong work day not only in Southern mills but in other parts of the country; and they have protested that these hardships on the workers persist in the face of overproduction. While recognizing the general prosperity of the country, they have called attention to persistent and serious unemployment, to the economic insecurity of old age among the workers, and to low standards of income and therefore of living in large sections of the population. They have pointed out that all are involved in responsibility for these evils and that so long as a single worker suffers, all share the guilt. They have felt obliged, in loyalty to the Gospel, to point out glaring and unjust inequalities in the distribution of national wealth and income, and that there is not as yet the dedication of industrial leadership and capital to human welfare which the law of God demands. They have persistently taught labor's right to organization, and the social importance of such organization in order to secure to labor a proper influence not only in industry but in national life.

Now the time has come for insistence upon practice and actual experimentation in brotherly relations in business establishments. Discipleship to Christ in business must take this form. A new evangelism must come into being, an evangelism which impels men holding positions of influence or possessing great economic power to devote themselves and their resources to human welfare, as a part of the Christian program.

In this Labor Sunday Message we therefore turn from pronouncements to suggestions for action, to the end that Christian people shall be challenged to specific and practical undertakings.

First of all, every local church and organization of churches needs to examine its own practice as employer with reference to staff workers and caretakers, employees in denominational offices and publishing houses, and practices in building and letting of contracts for printing, repairs, equipment and all other enterprises. The churches must not compromise their own teaching out of a desire for economy. They cannot afford to contribute to the lowering of living standards, nor to the disorganization of labor. Rather the churches should take the lead in raising standards.

Each local church should address itself to industrial conditions in its own community with renewed energy. We suggest, in cooperation if possible with social agencies, that studies be made of the local industrial situation in one or more of its aspects in order to secure a working knowledge of facts. What are the local conditions as to length of the work day, safety and health? How do wages compare with the cost of living? How many mothers must work outside the home to supplement the family income? What is the effect on the family? What are the handicaps of women in factory, store and office? Are domestic workers employed on a schedule of reasonable hours and adequate wages? Do they have regular times off each week and are they furnished pleasant rooms? What are the labor policies of local stores and factories? Are the workers allowed organization, and are they dealt with collectively? Who are the employers and labor officials who are manifestly seeking to follow Christ in daily practice? Do pastors have contacts with labor as they have long been accustomed to have with the Chamber of Commerce? Are industries being encouraged to take forward steps such as providing unemployment insurance, vacations with pay and labor representation?

The gospel is for all mankind, for employed and employers alike. Labor leaders and the rank and file are as obligated to the principles of service, public spirit, earnest and skillful work and cooperative effort as are the leaders of capital. Labor also needs unselfish leadership. The true labor movement has a religious motive, in that it is inspired by a passion for human life and for social justice.

Christian people through the appropriate agencies should be interested in and promote social legislation. Has your state enacted laws forbidding child labor, night work and long hours for women, and providing adequate old age pensions and workmen's accident compensations? Is rock dusting in the bituminous coal mines required by law in order to prevent catastrophies from explosions? These are illustrations of what needs to be done in the field of social legislation.

We recommend most earnestly that pastors shall make more use of their buildings and property for these great and appealing human causes. An industrial relations dinner might be given during the year, inviting labor leaders and employers. It is well to bring in experts, men who have thought deeply or who have notable accomplishments to their credit, to discuss these social and industrial problems.

Church people should study the history of the labor movement so as to appreciate its significance in the struggle for better standards of life. Pastors and some members of each church should have personal acquaintance with the leaders of the labor unions in

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of conducting all the foreign trade of Soviet Russia in this country. There may be great advantages in having it so centralized and controlled. I did not deny that when I proposed that a permanent American industrial exhibit, commercial agency, and cultural centre should be opened under American direction in the Soviet capital, to conduct business directly with Russian individuals and trusts. No such foreign commercial and cultural agency, so privileged, exists in Russia. I repeat that statement, and declare that I should like nothing better than to see one created and conducted in such a way as to diffuse a democratic, liberal atmosphere and to promote a true understanding of the American people and their institutions as distinguished from their mechanisms and penitentiaries of mass-production. That it would be considered a grave concession from the rigid rectitude of Communist theory and granted with reluctance and misgivings, I do not doubt.

It is good news, indeed, that a party of more than a hundred American business men and "intellectuals" of the quality of Oswald Villard, with a middle-name like Garrison, have just left Berlin for Moscow; and that the New York *Times* is on sale in a kiosk there. When I was patrolling its snowy streets Mr. Duranty himself, the able and lonely correspondent of *The Times*, told me that he was unable to receive the paper regularly and that many American journals were excluded from the mails. Doubtless many of them ought to be, but not *The Times!*. The point is that we do not believe in censorship, and Russia most decidedly does. Liberty of the press does not exist even as desirable in theory to the Communist mind. Such liberty as Milton prized above all others "to know, to utter and to argue freely according to my conscience" has been called a silly bourgeoise superstitution in Russia, and is regarded as a synonym for confusion worse confounded. . . . We both pay a price for our principles; history is our creditor.

It is desirable to recognize Russia; I do not deny it. But what does recognition mean, and how will the intercourse be conducted and the obligations adjusted. These are the important issues—the rest is an empty phrase. And, for myself, I am satisfied, after six months in Russia, that in the words of Mr. Arthur Schnitzler's brilliant aphorism:

"Two persons, shaking hands across the abyss of alien natures are in any case to be preferred to two falling into each other's arms above the deceptive eddy termed understanding."

Ravinia, Illinois. BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

their community. There should be friendly exchange of visits with individual unions and central labor councils. In many cases church members who are also trade unionists will furnish a natural point of contact. It is neither partisan nor inappropriate to invite a labor representative to speak in the church on the ideals of the labor movement and the achievements of labor organization for the better life of the work people. Churches have a real opportunity to help in workers' education through assisting trades councils to obtain speakers when desired, possibly organizing classes or obtaining teachers, or offering the facilities of the church plant for such work. The churches should exert their influence to maintain the constitutional rights to freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of assemblage in their own communities even in times of strike.

All Christians should become conscious of the basic social and ethical problems of our industrial civilization. They are human problems. They lie in the church's field of teaching and social effort. The responsibility of leadership lies with the pastor. The churches must be more aggressive, more informed, more willing to take hazards for righteousness, more swift to come to the help of the oppressed, if they are to fulfill the mission of Christ, and are to make that contribution to social welfare which can be rightfully expected of them.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS"

("Lift up your Hearts." A Hundred Aspirations towards Peace and Goodwill. By Dr. Walter Walsh. Williams and Norgate, 38 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1. 5/-: By Post 5/5. On the Bookstall at Lindsey Hall every Sunday morning.)

This new book by Dr. Walsh, English representative of UNITY, consists of one hundred aspirations towards peace and goodwill. It is well known that the Free Religious Movement regards the orthodox idea of "prayer" as inconsistent with an age for which "miracle" has become impossible. Nevertheless, spiritual culture requires some medium of communion with the Infinite, some kind of devotional uplift, some vehicle for the expression of religious emotion and desire; all of which Dr. Walsh found, and for many years has practiced, in the form of "Aspiration." It has been his custom on Sunday mornings to lead his coworshippers in brief efforts to lift up their hearts towards the Eternal; and the hundred aspirations collected and here printed for the first time represent these energetic strivings towards peace, friendship and brotherhood, the fervency and pathos of which naturally were enhanced by the emotional agitations of war-time. In the period of relaxation and experiment through which public worship is now passing, Dr. Walsh's innovation should be helpful to those who feel that the old forms of worship have become unreal, and who are groping after forms of speech which shall be true to intellectual and emotional reality. The arrangement of the contents is suitable for use either privately or publicly. The aspirations are of similar length and each one is printed on two pages facing one another, so that the whole can be taken in at a glance. Each aspiration has its special heading, and there is a full index of subjects at the beginning.

No doubt there are many people who would be glad to know of a book like this. As they are no longer able to hold the notion of a heavenly miracle-worker, they are at a loss to find terms for their personal feelings and desires. This timely book of devotion will assist them in their groping after a mode of expression which shall not be unreal to a modern mind.

The author cherishes a special desire and hope that this essay towards devotional expression in accord with new knowledge and modern thought may be found helpful by liberal preachers, teachers and ministers. He modestly submits it to them as his slight contribution to the making of such worship-language as may be consistent with the Universal Religion of the not distant future.

[A review of this new book by our honored colleague will appear shortly in "The Study Table."—EDITOR.]

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